As praiſes of whoſe taſte the wiſe are found
Laſciuious meeters, to whoſe venome ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten.
Report of faſhions in proude Italie,
Whoſe maners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe imitation:
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanitie,
So it be new, theres no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzde into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe wil chuſe.
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe:
*Gaunt* Me thinkes I am a prophet new inſpirde,
And thus expiring do foretell of him.
His raſh fierce blaze of ryot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues.
Small ſhoures laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes
With eagre feeding foode doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone praies vpon it ſelfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this ſceptred Ile,
This earth of maieſtie, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradice,
This fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection and the hand of warre,
This happy breede of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuie of leſſe happier lands.
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this realme, this England,
This nurſe, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by theyr byrth,
Renowned for theyr deedes as far from home,
For chriſtian ſeruice, and true chiualry,



As is the ſepulchre in ſt
Of the worlds ranſome
This land of ſuch deare
Deare for her reputatio
Is now leaſde out; I dy
Like to a tenement or p
England bound in with
Whoſe rockie ſhoare be
Of watry Neptune, is no
With inckie blots, and
That England that was
Hath made a ſhamefull
Ah would the ſcandall v
How happy then were
*Yorke* The King is co
For young hot colts being

*Enter ki*

*Queene* How fares ou
*King* What comfort
*Gaunt* O how that na
Old Gaunt indeede, and
Within me Griefe hath
And who abſtaines from
For ſleeping England lo
Watching breedes leaner
The pleaſure that ſome f
Is my ſtrict faſt; I meane
And therein faſting haſt
Gaunt am I for the graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe in
*King* Can ſicke men p
*Gaunt* No miſery mak
Since thou doſt ſeeke to k
I mocke my name (great
*King* Should dying me
*Gaunt* No no, men liui

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